

Red vs Blue:War is Hell

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Summary: Back to Blood Gulch. War really is hell. All the same idiots in a new adventure.

## 1. Chapter 1

Red vs Blue:War is Hell

I don't own Halo or RVB!

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><strong>Chapter 1<strong>

At the Red base in Blood Gulch, the box canyon, an man with orange armor and a man with maroon armor stood on top of their base.

The maroon one spoke, "Do you ever wonder why we're here?"

The orange one, called Grif, turned to him. "Simmons, haven't we had this conversation before?"

Simmons nodded and said, "Oh yeah." He then saw a pink armored man, named Donut, come up the ramp and walk over to the duo.

"Hey guys." Donut said happily. "Can you believe it's been three days since a blue attack?"

"Yeah." Simmons nodded. "The only reason we've not attacked them is because this orange bastard used all our bullets for shooting at crickets." he pointed to Grif.

"Wonder why they've not attacked us?" Donut asked.

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>At Blue base, a blue, a cobalt, and a teal armored men stood atop

their base. The blue one, Caboose, spoke, "Hey, why don't we attack?"  
<p>The cobalt one turned to him and glared under his visor. "Because you wasted all of our ammo, you moron!" Church shouted.<p>

The teal one, Tucker, said, "Yeah, when you tried to spell your name on the side of the canyon."

"Didn't even spell right." Church sighed pointing to bullet holes on the canyon wall spelling, "Kabuse".

"When will command send us some more?" Tucker asked.

"Untelling." Church said. "I sent in the request about three weeks ago, still nothing."

"Maybe we could use Shiela?" Caboose suggested.

"Hey wait." Tucker said turning to the tank parked outside their base. "Why don't \_we\_ use Shiela?"

Church stared at Tucker, then the tank and muttered, "I have no idea." he then yelled, "Oh shit! None of us are armor certified, remember?"

"Never stopped Caboose." Tucker said as Caboose jumped off the side of the base. "Hey wait. Where'd he go?" Tucker and Church both turned and saw Caboose run up to Shiela. He pressed his helmet against her 200 ton body and made kissing noises.

"I'll never understand him." Church shook his head.

\* \* \*

>Back at Red base... <p>Donut was inside the base trying to jump out through the large hole in the roof letting you see out onto it and outside. Grif was standing over the hole as Donut kept trying to jump through.<p>

"You idiot." Grif muttered. "If you couldn't do it before, why do you think you can now?"

"I've been practicing." Donut groaned jumping more and more.

"Ladies!" Sarge came running up a ramp and got on top of the red bunker. "Front and center, on the double." All three privates quickly ran to the top of the base, standing in front of their Sergeant. "Okay, you dirt bags; no offense, Simmons."

"None taken, sir." Simmons nodded.

"Kiss-ass." Grif muttered to his comrade.

"Now, do you three remember when those blue jerks got that freelancer girl?" Sarge asked.

"How could we forget?" Grif asked rolling his eyes from behind his orange helmet.

"Let me guess!" Donut shouted. "You killed her?"

"No." Sarge shook his head. "Moron. I hired a freelancer for our own uses."

"Oh! How exciting!" Grif yelled in a very happy tone. "Is it a girl? Please say it's a girl. It's been, what? Three years since the last girl I saw. Besides that bitch in the black armor. And Donut, here."

"For the last fucking time!" Donut shouted. "It's lightish red!"

"For God's sakes!" Sarge shouted hitting Grif with the butt of his shotgun.

"Ow!" Grif shouted.

"Shut up!" Sarge shouted. "Do you pussies want me to tell you this or not?"

"Not really." Grif said.

"Let him speak." Simmons said punching Grif in the stomach. Grif muttered something and stood up straight and listened to Sarge.

"The freelancer, Colorado, will be here within the week." Sarge said rubbing his head because of his horrible headache.

"Why is his name Colorado?" Grif asked.

"Because he's from Colorado, dumb ass." Simmons growled.

"I wish it could be a freelancer." Donut groaned. "I'm could be freelancer Iowa."

"Donut," Grif said, "You're a retard."

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">Okay," Tucker said reading a manual for Shiela. "Open the driver's canopy by saying, 'Open Driver's Canopy.'" <p>"Alright." Church nodded and turned to the huge tank, which Caboose had fallen asleep on, "Open driver's canopy."<p>

"Opening driver's canopy." Shiela said as the hatch to the driver's seat opened. "You know, Private Church," Shiela said, "You could enter the driver's seat, and I could drive for you. Just tell me--"

"Not now, Shiela." Church said waving his hand interrupting her. "What next, Tucker?"

"Enter the tank."

Church nodded and hopped into Shiela's driver's seat. He looked at all of the controls and turned his head to Tucker. "Why am I the one getting in the tank? I've never been in it. At least you and Caboose have sat in her." Church then reached for a switch but Shiela stopped him.

"Do not touch that." she said. "Private Church, we have a problem."

"Aw shit." Church moaned hopping out of t Shiela. "What now?"

"I seem to be out of gas."

"You're kidding." Church groaned.

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>Red base, two days later... <p>"Excuse me." a black armored man with a deep voice walked up to the top of the red bunker. Grif and Simmons turned to him.<p>

"Colorado?" Grif asked. "Thank God."

"Yes, well, where are the blues?" Colorado asked.

"Wait." Simmons said. "You got ammo, right?"

"Um, yeah." Colorado nodded. "Why would I not?"

"Well, we need some ammo." Simmons sighed. "This bitch used all of our's."

"No can do." Colorado shook his head. "I need all the ammunition I can have to kill the blues."

"Hey Colorado." Simmons said. "I'll give you five bucks to kill Grif."

"You Grif?" Colorado asked nodding his head towards Grif. Grif nervously stepped back and shook his head.

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>That's it so far. hope you're enjoying it so far. i'll update soon :) <div>

## 2. Chapter 2

Red vs Blue:War is Hell

Dont own Halo nor RVB, wish I did though

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><strong>Chapter 2<strong>

Blue base...

"Church!" Church was on top of their base asleep but jumped up when he heard Tucker yell his name. He looked around and then down through the hole in the roof.

"What?" Church groaned.

"We just got a shipment from Blue Command. Ammo and fuel." Tucker

said happily.

"Thank God." Church sighed and walked down the ramp and went over to Shiela. Caboose was filling her up with gas and Tucker came out of the base holding a box of bullets. He laid them on the ground and opened the box but all was in there was rockets for a rocket launcher. "What the hell?" Church muttered.

"Rockets?" Tucker asked. "I mean \*\*what\*\* the hell? We don't have a damn rocket launcher!"

"All done filling Shiela up." Caboose walked over to the two. "She is a happy tank."

"Crapcrap crap!" Church shouted.

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>Red base... <p>"Okay Colorado, are you ready to go?" Sarge asked.<p>

"We're lucky that Red Command dropped off some machine gun ammo." Simmons said.

"I still don't see why I have to stay with Donut to guard the base." Grif sighed.

"Well, we didn't want to give you any ammo." Simmons said. "And Donut is very annoying."

"This will be fun." Donut cheered. "Just me and Grif at the base. Me and Grif. Grif and me."

"Please just shut up!" Grif yelled.

"Alright, Colorado, I'll go get the Warthog." Sarge said and ran to the other side of the base.

"What's the Warthog?" Colorado asked freaked out by the name.

"It's this stupid puma like jeep." Grif said.

"For the last time!" Simmons yelled. "It looks nothing like a puma! Looks more like your dick than a puma."

"Go to hell, Simmons." Grif said to the maroon guy. At that time, Sarge pulled the Warthog jeep around and Simmons jumped into the gunner's position. Colorado studied it then sat in the passenger's seat. They drove off as Grif and Donut watched.

The two went to the top of the bunker and began their lookout job. Donut began humming the Three's Company song and Grif turned and glared at him.

"Sorry." Donut said stopping the humming. "So, Grif, want to braid each other's hair?"

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>Blue base... <p>"Uh oh." Caboose said. He was standing on top of the

blue base, holding the sniper rifle watching the Warthog coming towards the base. "Oh crap. Oh crap." Caboose then put the rifle away and stepped to the edge of the base where Church was cursing at the rockets in the box and Tucker was watching. "Um, Tucker! Church!"<p>

"What?" Tucker asked looking up to him.

"Um, the, uh, jeep, thing, is, um-"

"Dammit, Caboose!" Church shouted looking up to him. "Out with it!" But before Caboose could answer him, the Warthog ran Church over and he flew up landing on the roof of the bunker.

"Son of a bitch!" Tucker shouted running up the ramp.

"Son of a bitch." Church moaned getting up standing next to Caboose. "Caboose, why didn't you say anything?" he asked. Caboose turned and stared at Church.

The Warthog stopped and Simmons began firing at the bunker roof. "Stop your shooting." Colorado said loading his machine gun. "I'll handle this myself." Colorado jumped out of the passenger's seat and ran around to the other side of the bunker.

Simmons just aimed the machine gun at the bunker and Sarge fiddled with his fingers. Simmons sighed and said, "Sir, just in case we don't survive this, well, I've really enjoyed serving you in this war."

Church, Tucker, and Caboose were all ducked behind a random crate that was apperantly bullet proof.

"Where the hell did this random bullet proof crate come from?" Tucker asked. Church and Caboose just shrugged.

"Hey, they stopped shooting." Church said. "Let's go for it."

"Go for what?" Tucker whispered. "Go for the jeep? Last time we did that, the fucking thing blew up and then Caboose shot you with the tank!"

"Oh yeah." Church nodded. "Maybe it'll be different this time. Look, they've stopped shooting!"

"But I can still see them." Tucker said peeking over the crate. "Two of'em are sitting in it. Hey wait. Where's the other guy?"

Church grabbed the sniper rifle and zoomed it in towards the red base and saw Grif and Donut standing on it. "Holy crap, Tucker! two of the reds are at the base."

"Which means..." Caboose said, "...they can teleport without a teleporter. No wait, maybe they are imps."

"Imps?" Church asked. "What the hell is an imp?"

"You know." Tucker said. "An imp. It's a little greenish paleish animal with a horn."

"You two are morons." Church shook his head. "There is no such thing as an imp."

Colorado snuck around to the other ramp on the other side of the base that leads up to the roof. He stopped at it and loaded his pistol, machine gun, and shotgun. "Fucking reds." he muttered to himself. "Don't know what the hell they're talking about. Warthog? What kind of name is that? Or puma? That's even worse. Whatever. I just want my money." Colorado then ran up the ramp and pointed his machine gun at the three blues.

"What the hell?" Church looked up. "Ah crap."

"Get up." Colorado ordered. The three blues stood up and gulped as Sarge and Simmons came up to the top of the base and held their guns to the blues.

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>Meanwhile, back at red... <p>Grif had the sniper rifle watching the activity at the blue base. He was speechless when he saw that the blues had actually been captured. "Holy friggin' crap." Grif said putting the rifle away.<p>

"What?" Donut asked turning from his magazine with the words, "It's Okay To Be Pink", on the cover.

"Unbelievable." Grif shook his head. "You'll never believe this, Donut. They captured them!"

"Oh my God!" Donut yelled. "Sarge and the others have been captured! Ahhh! I'll save them!"

"No moron!" Grif shouted. "Sarge and the others captured the blues."

"Really?" Donut asked.

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>Back at the blues... <p>"Sir, I'm about to cry." Simmons said turning his head away from the others. "We did it."<p>

"I know, Simmons. I know." Sarge nodded. "I can't believe it either. I just wish Grif was here. To rub it in his face."

"You do know Grif is on your side, right?" Colorado asked.

"We know." Simmons nodded. "But he said we'd never conquer them."

"You bastards." Church said. "We'll get out of this. You guys seem to suck at keeping hostages."

"That is true." Simmons nodded.

"Are you imps?" Caboose asked. Everyone stared at him.

"What in sam hell is an imp, son?" Sarge asked.

"Don't ask him. Please." Church said.

"Anyway," Colorado said, "I'll just kill these cock fights, collect my debt, and be on my way."

"Sounds good." Simmons said.

Colorado chuckled and aimed his machine gun at Tucker's head. Right before he pulled the trigger, a bullet went through his head as blood splattered over all of the red and blue men. Colorado's dead body fell on Tucker.

"Ah!" Tucker yelled throwing the body off. They all looked and saw another figure standing on the ridge on the canyon in the distance. The figure was holding a sniper rifle and had black armor.

"Holy shit." Church groaned. "You guys know who that is?"

"Vic?" Sarge asked.

"Wyoming?" Tucker asked.

"Joe Pesci?" Simmons asked.

"The King of Spades?" Caboose asked.

Church stared at them all and sighed. "Nooooo." he shook his head. "It's-" Church was interrupted by a bullet going through his stomach. He fell over next to Tucker.

Tucker sighed and muttered, "Shit."

### 3. Chapter 3

Red vs Blue:War is Hell

**\*\*Chapter 3\*\***

"Church!" Tucker shouted. "Talk to me." Tucker shook his comrade's body. "He's hurt, but alive."

"Who cares?" Simmons asked.

"Simmons, let's get-" Sarge said but was cut off by a bullet going through his chest.

"Son of a bitch!" Simmons yelled.

"Who the fuck is that?" Tucker shouted. Tucker then turned and saw that Simmons had put Sarge in the Warthog and the two have driven off in the jeep almost to their base.

"Tucker." Caboose said. "I think the King of Spades may be-" Caboose was suddenly shot in the leg and fell on the ground. "Ah! Oh! Um, Tucker, I'm hurt. Bad."

"Shut up, Caboose." Tucker said. "Church has been shot in the gut!" Tucker looked up and saw the black armored figure running towards them. "Oh shit, Caboose. It's...it's...it's Tex." Tex ran up the ramp



of the base and aimed her sniper rifle at Tucker's face. Tucker giggled and said, "Tex, put that away."

Tex just stared at him and then put it away but pulled out her pistol. "Hello Tucker. Caboose. Church."

"What are you doing here, Tex?" Tucker asked. "Holy crap! I bet you got a new AI and now you're trying to kill us. Just like you killed that other freelancer guy. You evil shark bitch!"

"No, not really." Tex shrugged.

"Wait." Tucker said looking at Church and Caboose laying on the concrete of the roof of the base. "If you're not back to kill everyone then why did you shoot Church and Caboose?"

"Well, Church is a dick." Tex shrugged.

"Got that right." Tucker nodded.

"And I was aiming for you when I shot Caboose." Tex nodded.

"Oh." Tucker said then quickly turned back to her and looked her straight in the eye, or visor. "Wait. You was aiming at me? Why?"

"You're a dick too."

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Red base...

Sarge was laying inside the red base with his three men standing over them. "So what happened?" Grif asked Simmons.

"Well, we captured the blue guys, Colorado got killed, Sarge and some blue guys got shot, and we got the hell back here as fast as we fucking could." Simmons said.

"And Sarge got shot?" Donut asked.

"Yes, dumb ass!" Grif yelled. "There's a friggin' hole through his friggin' chest, numb nuts!"

"No need for rudeness." Donut sighed. "I tell you, people in this box canyon get ruder every day."

"This is not time for cock sucking, Donut." Simmons said. "We need to help Sarge."

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"Are you sure you're okay?" Tucker asked Caboose. They were all outside next to Shiela.

"Yes." Caboose said standing up. "Shiela. Did you worry?"

Shiela just then turned her cannon and looked at Caboose. "Huh? Oh sorry. I've been shut off for a while. I didn't know anyone had gotten shot. Um, are you okay, Caboose?"

"Yes." Caboose nodded. Caboose then leaned over to Tex and whispered, "She's just playing hard to get."

Church then stood up. "Ugh." he rubbed his head. "Who the hell shot me in the gut? I'll kick his damn ass all the way to Sidewinder! Who was it? A red? Was it Simmons? Or their Sergeant?"

"It was Tex, Church." Tucker said.

"What?" Church turned to the black armored chick. "Tex. You dirty shark bitch."

"I did you a favor." Tex said.

"Oh really?" Church asked loading his pistol and pointing it at her. "How so?"

"Dude, you know you won't shoot her." Tucker said. Church glared at Tucker and put his pistol away.

"Why did you shoot me?" Church asked.

"And why was you going to shoot me?" Tucker asked going to the other side of her. Caboose then got on another side and Shiela on the other boxing her in between the three blues and the death machine.

"What the hell are you guys doing?" Tex asked.

"Um, boxing you in?" Caboose suggested. "Oh! We can pretend to be Blood Gulch."

"Seriously. Why did you shoot us?" Church yelled.

"Okay, okay." Tex said.

"Wait!" Caboose shouted. "Was you going to kill me after you kill Fucker?"

"Caboose," Tucker said, "My name is Tucker. With a T."

"What?" Caboose asked turning to Church. The three stared at him and continued their conversation.

"Dammit, Tex!" Church shouted. "Why did you shoot me?"

"Listen carefully." Tex said. "When the guys who inserted that AI in me found out I got rid of it, he created a new one and put it in Colorado. It was stronger and more powerful than O'Malley. But, it escaped Colorado before I killed him. So, I tried to kill the redguys and you two so it wouldn't find a new host."

"What about Caboose?" Tucker asked.

"It wants an intelligent body." Tex shrugged. "It travels the same way that O'Malley did."

"Well, how do you expect to-" Church was interrupted by Tex pointing her pistol in his face. "Um, Tex, what the hell are you doing?"

"Me and you and going to die." Tex said. "Find this freak, kill him, and get new bodies yet again."

"Remind me again how you two actually came back to life." Tucker said.

"Long story." Tex said. "No time." She then aimed the pistol more towards the center of Church's forehead.

"Not so fast." Tex turned around as Caboose whacked her in the face with his machine gun. He then hit Tucker and Church knocking all three of them out.

"Caboose, what are you-" Shiela asked but Caboose interrupted her.

"Um, uh, Shiela," Caboose said with a new, deeper voice. "Yeah, let's go." Caboose jumped inside Shiela and they drove off.

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Red base...

"Ugh." Sarge got up. "What happened?"

"He's awake!" Grif yelled. Donut and Simmons ran in.

"Sir, I was so worried about you, sir." Simmons said.

"Shhh." Donut said pushing Simmons and Grif back. He grabbed Sarge's hand and began stroking it. "Shh. The Sarge needs his rest. Rest now, sir, rest."

"Dammit, Private!" Sarge yelled hitting Donut with his Shotgun.

"Sir!" Donut shouted. "I'm just trying to-"

"Help?" Sarge asked. "Then don't help. Anyway, who was the little prick that shot me? Was it Caboose again?"

"No sir." Simmons said. "It was that bitch in the black armor, sir."

"Can you say one sentence without ending it with 'sir'?" Grif asked the maroon soldier.

"Let's see." Simmons said. "Fuck you." Simmons then smiled behind his visor. "What do ya know, I can."

"Both of ya!" Sarge yelled. "Quiet! We gotta find that freelancer and kill it."

"Her." Grif said.

"Excuse me?" Sarge asked.

"Her. It's a girl." Grif said.

"Dammit, Grif." Sarge cursed. "Shut your mouth or I'll make Simmons cut out your heart while you sleep!"

"Ooh, I'd do it too, sir." Simmons nodded pleasingly.

"I know you would, son." Sarge said. "Good man, good man."

"Sir, please, just tell us the plan." Grif said.

"Why don't we pretend to be freelancers and-" Donut said but was cut off.

"No!" Sarge, Simmons, and Grif all yelled at the same time.

"Get the Warthog, Simmons." Sarge said. "We'll just do a flat out attack."

"Sir, every time we do that, we blow up." Grif said.

"Dammit, Private!" Sarge shouted stomping his foot on the floor. "I am so tired of you and your bitching! I got a new plan. We'll tie Grif up and roll him out into the middle of the canyon. Then, the blues will come and investigate it. But, little will the bastards know, Grif has a bomb in his stomach."

"Very good plan, sir." Simmons nodded.

"Oh shut up!" Grif shouted. "I'm really fucking sick of you guys bitching about my bitching!"

"Oh get over it!" Sarge yelled.

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Shiela rolled towards the red base and stopped on a hilltop. Shiela aimed her gun at the base and said, "Uh, Caboose, is everything alright?"

"Yes!" Caboose yelled with the deep, scary voice. "Now destroy the pathetic reds!"

Shiela sighed and fired her cannon at the base.

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"Son of a bitch!" all four reds yelled at the same time.

"Ah crap." Donut said looking out the door way.

"Is it the tank?" Simmons asked.

"Oh yeah." Donut said rejoining his comrades.

"Five minutes is all I'm asking!" Sarge shouted.

"Uh, Sarge, we went three weeks without fighting." Donut said. "I guess it's about time we get back to it."

Shiela continued firing at the base.

"Maybe we should get the Warthog." Grif said.

"You mean the Puma? Or Leprachaun? Or Chupacabra?" Simmons asked.

"For God's sakes, Simmons!" Grif yelled.

"Simmons, kick Grif in the shin." Sarge said.

"Yes sir, sir." Simmons nodded and kicked Grif in the shin.

"Quit being such a kiss-ass!" Grif yelled.

"Stop it!" Donut yelled. The other three turned and stared at him. "Can't you see you're all tearing us apart!"

"Oh, shut-"

"We should work together." Donut said. "Instead of arguing. We should put our differences aside and use our heads to defeat the two hundred ton tank! What do ya say, guys?"

"You know what, Simmons, Grif?" Sarge turned to them. "Let's put a bomb in Donut and roll him out into the canyon, instead."

#### 4. Chapter 4

Red vs Blue:War is Hell

**\*\*Chapter 4\*\***

"Son of a bitch!" Grif shouted as another shot from the tank hit the side of the red base.

"What do we do, Sarge?" Simmons asked.

"We've been in this situation before." Sarge said. "What did we do then?"

"Ooh!" Donut cheered. "An air strike!"

"Good idea, Princess Peach." Sarge nodded. He then pushed a switch on the side of his helmet and began talking to Vic. "Vic! Come in, Vic!"

"Hey, Sarge." Vic said. "How's it going, dude?"

"We're pretty fucked up!" Grif shouted.

"I hear that." Vic nodded. "But, anyway, what can I do for you,

dude?"

"We need an air strike to take out that tank!" Sarge yelled into his helmet.

"Dude, I'm going to tell you one more time, dude." Vic sighed. "You gotta fill out the papers and fax them to me."

"Fine." Sarge groaned. "We luckily got a new fax machine. Simmons! Start filling out the order!"

"Sir, yes, sir!" Simmons yelled and ran into another room of the base with shots from Shiela still hitting it.

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>"Surely they're dead by now." Caboose said. "Shiela, stop the shooting." Shiela then stopped shooting at the base. Caboose watched it carefully. He then saw the pink private poke his head out, scream, and run back into the base. "Shiela, commence firing." <p>"Don't you mean continue firing?" Shiela asked.<p>

"Um, yes, whatever." Caboose said glaring at her. "Just kill them!"

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>"Alright red dudes." Vic said. "Air stike is on the way." <p>"Thanks." Sarge said switching his radio off. "Alrighty. The tank is as good as gone."<p>

At that time they heard jets flying over them. Caboose looked up at the jets nervously and gulped. "Um, Caboose." Shiela said. "Why don't we move?"

"Good idea." Caboose nodded but it was too late. The bombs started falling and one hit Shiela. She exploded and flipped over completey on her back. Caboose, however, flew out of the cockpit and landed in a patch of dirt near Shiela.

All four reds ran out and over to the tank. "Hey Sarge!" Grif yelled pointing to Caboose's body in the dirt. "Is that the moronic Caboose guy?" Grif asked.

Sarge ran over to Caboose and studied him. "Yep." he nodded. "I'm awful surprised he was able to cause so much chaos, though."

"Well, he was the one attacking when we ordered the first air strike." Simmons said. "Is he dead, sir?"

"Oh yeah." Sarge nodded. "He's dead alright."

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>Back at the blue base... <p>Church moaned and stood up. Tucker and Tex got up shortly after. "What happened?" Tucker asked.<p>

"That fucktard knocked us out." Tex said.

"Why?" Church asked. "He had this deep voice, though."

"Oh shit." Tex groaned. "It must be that AI."

"And what's that joker's name?" Church asked. "Bill? Jorgio? Clarence?"

"No." Tex shook her head. "His name is Montross or something like that."

"I wish my name was Montross." Tucker sighed.

"Why?" Church turned to his companion. "That's a dorky name. Montross."

"It's better than Tucker." Tucker snapped. "In high school, my nickname was Fucker."

"Guys, we need to find Caboose and-" Tex then saw Shiela flipped over on her back in the distance. She pulled out her sniper rifle and zoomed in. She saw the four reds inspecting Shiela's turned body and Caboose's dead body. "Holy shit, guys!"

"What is it?" Church asked pulling out his own sniper rifle.

"Son of a bitch, why don't I get a sniper rifle?" Tucker asked angrily.

"Caboose is dead." Church said.

"No way." Tucker said. "Let me see!"

"No way man!" Church yelled trying to keep the rifle from Tucker.

"Give me the fucking sniper rifle!" Tucker yelled.

"No!" Church shouted hitting Tucker with it.

"Ow!" Tucker yelled holding his face where he was hit. "Damn, man."

"Oh crap, guys." Tex said still watching them. "They've got in their Warthog and are coming this way. Idiot pink guy is still at the base."

The Warthog pulled up to the blue bunker and Simmons aimed the machine gun at the two blues. Sarge got out while Grif stayed in aiming his machine gun at them.

"What do you want?" Tucker asked.

Sarge walked up the ramp to the top of the bunker. "After examining Caboose's corpse, we discovered an AI called Montross."

"Yeah, we know." Tex nodded.

"By the way," Sarge said, "Caboose is um, well, he's dead."

"Oh well." Tex shrugged.

"You kidding?" Tucker asked. "He's freakishly strong. Now we have no tough guy."

"Huh?" Tex turned to him.

"Caboose was the strong one. Church is the prick. I'm the good looking one. And you're the girl." Tucker said.

"With my team, Grif's the dumb ass, Simmons is the loyal one, Donut's the gay one, and I'm the boss." Sarge said.

"No one cares." Tucker said.

"Shut up." Sarge grunted. "Now listen carefully. I think we'd better team up again to defeat Mon-gertrekkechooug!"

"What?" Tucker asked freaked out.

"I'm not Sarge!" Sarge shouted with the voice Caboose had earlier. "I am Montross. Ha ha ha ha ha!" Sarge, or Montross, then hit both blues with his gun and threw a grenade at the Warthog. It hit the ground and slid under the jeep.

"Oh shit, Simmons." Grif groaned. An explosion came out from under it launching it up into the air and both reds landed on top of the blue base. Sarge jumped off and began running to the cave that was on the side of the canyon wall.

"Ugh." Tucker moaned standing up. Tex, Grif, and Simmons were already up.

"Sarge turned on us?" Grif asked.

"Well, I can see him turning on you, or even Donut, but me? Not me." Simmons said.

"Your Sergeant has been possessed by Montross." Tex said.

"Crap." Tucker groaned. "This is going to be just like when O'Malley attacked, isn't it?"

"Well, except that Caboose is dead." Tex shrugged.

"No, not really." Church said looking in the distance through his sniper rifle. He saw Caboose getting up and looking around. He saw him and began waving. "Idiot." Church sighed putting the rifle away.

In just a few moments, Caboose reached the blue base. "Hey guys." he then saw Grif and Simmons. "Reds. Hm. Reds."

"Caboose," Tucker said, "We have to team with the reds to defeat the AI, Montross."

"Could we switch off our radios again?" Grif asked.

"Yeah, good idea." Tex nodded. "Everyone turn off your headsets." Everyone did so and Tex let out a sigh of relief. "Well, at least we know that Montross can't leave Sarge."

"Yeah." Church nodded then noticed Tex aiming her pistol at him



again. "What are you doing?"

"How else are we gonna flush Montross out?" Tex asked.

"Hey, are you going to shoot him?" Grif asked. "Cool."

"Take Grif too." Simmons sighed.

"Okay." Tex shrugged and shot Grif in the face. Grif's body fell off the bunker and landed in the driver's seat of the Warthog. Everyone just stared as the Warthog was shifted into gear and drove off towards the canyon. It drove up the side of the canyon wall and flipped completely over landing on its back. It sat there for a minute then exploded. The tires and everything else flew away in flames.

"I was just kidding." Simmons shrugged.

## 5. Chapter 5

Red vs Blue: War is Hell

**\*\*Chapter 5\*\***

"Doo doo doo." Donut hummed as he looked around Blood Gulch with his sniper rifle. "Doo dum doo." He stopped when he saw Sarge peek his head out from the cave and look around. "Sarge?" he asked himself. The Sarge then went back into the cave.

\* \* \*

>Blue base... <p>"You shot Grif!" Simmons yelled.<p>

"You told me to." Tex shrugged.

"You know." Simmons said turning his head from the others. "I never realized how much I liked him until he died. I guess in all reality, he was my friend. My best friend."

"Really?" Tucker asked.

"Hell no." Simmons said turning back to the blue troopers. "Anyway, that makes two destroyed vehicles."

"Okay, Church, ready?" Tex asked.

"No." Church shook his head. "Because I'm not going to do it."

"This is going to happen whether you want it or not." Tex sighed. "So, head? Or heart?"

"How 'bout this?" Church said. "Let me shoot you. Cause I'd like nothing better than it. Then, I'll get one of these morons to kill me."

"No can do, Churchy boy." Tex shook her head. "I'll just make it in the head."

"No wait!" Church yelled but she shot him in the face just like Grif. His body also fell off the base landing in the blue base doorway with

his blood splattering all in it.

"Here." Tex handed the pistol to Caboose. "Kill me."

"Okay." Caboose nodded. He aimed the gun at Tex and pulled the trigger. But, oddly, Simmons flew back with blood flying out of a hole in his head. "Wait a minute."

"Huh?" Tex looked at the gun pointed at her, then Simmons's body. "Is that possible?"

"I'll shoot you now." Caboose said.

"No wait." Tex stopped him. "That's three people. That's too much. Us three will now have to tell Church, Grif, and Simmons what to do. Rather, I'll tell them."

"Okay." Tucker nodded.

"Sounds very very...very good." Caboose nodded.

"I just wish they'd hurry up and return from the spirit world so we can get on with this." Tex sighed.

"Teeeexxxxx!" they all heard Church say Tex in his ghost voice. "Tex! Tucker! Caboose!"

"Hey, it's Church." Caboose said.

"Yeah, it's me." Church rolled his eyes from behind his cobalt helmet. "Hey wait. Tex, you're not a ghost. Shit."

"Yeah, it's just you and the two reds." Tex sighed. "Now listen, I need all three of you to possess Sarge and find Montross. Then kill him."

Just then, Grif and Simmons appeared as ghosts. "Cool." Grif said looking at himself. "I can see through me."

"Shut up." Simmons groaned. "How the hell did this happen? He was aiming at her!"

"Untelling." Tex said. "Anyway, guys, go find Sarge and possess him. Kill the AI!"

"Alright." Church nodded. "Let's go." Church said to the two reds and they all three faded away.

"Well, at least all the radios are turned off so Montross has no where to run." Tucker said.

\* \* \*

>"Everybody dance now!" Donut sang along to the song playing on his radio headset in his helmet. "Oh I love that song." he said turning the music off. "I think I'll call Vic." Donut then contacted the command, Vic. <p>"Hello dude." Vic said. "What's up? That you, Private Pink?"<p>

"Yeah." Donut nodded. "Hey Vic, what's up?"

"Um, Private Pink, dude, is there anything, dude, that you, like, need me for?" Vic asked.

"Ummm, no." Donut shook his head cheerfully. "Just chatting. Hey, have you ever had one of those days-"

"Um, Donut."

"-where nothing goes right? And-"

"I'm gonna hang up now."

"-everyone disses you. You-"

"Okay, bye."

"-know what I'm saying, Vic? But sometimes-"

"Seriously, dude."

"-I hum a song to myself or-"

"Really."

"-stroke my hand. It's easier when-"

"Donut."

"-someone else does it but if-"

"Dude."

"-no one is around, it's just as good when I do it to myself."

"Really, I'm leaving, dude."

"Ya know what else is fun to do by myself?"

"No, dude. And I don't wanna know. Later, dude." Vic then hung up.

"Hm." Donut muttered almost hurt. "Well, I guess he had more things to do."

\* \* \*

>Church, Simmons, and Grif appeared in the cave and saw Sarge staring at a wall. Simmons looked at Church and shrugged and Church shrugged back. They then heard him snoring. <p>"He's asleep?" Grif whispered.</p>

"Yeah," Simmons replied, "Sarge sleeps standing up to fool our enemies."

"Huh?" Sarge suddenly woke up with his real voice. "Who's there?" All three ghosts then disappeared and Sarge began looking around the cave. "Montross, what are you planning?"

"Ooh, I can't tell you that." Montross giggled.

"Well, if you're using my body, I think I have a right to know what it's being used for." Sarge shrugged.

"Hmm. That's true." Montross said. "Fine, I'll tell you. I'm going to-"

At that time, Grif reappeared right in front of Montross. "Uh oh." he groaned.

"What the fook?" he jumped back and began shooting Grif with his pistol but every bullet just went through him. Grif sighed and disappeared. "What the fook was that?"

"What does fook mean?" Sarge asked.

"I do not enjoy using the curse words so I have come up with words to replace them with." Montross said.

"Anyway, Montross, tell me your plan." Sarge smiled behind his helmet.

"Not with some ghost spies around." Montross grumbled. Montross then ran out of the cave.

The three ghosts appeared inside the cave again. "Nice job, Grif." Simmons snapped.

"Yeah, he was about to blurt out his plan." Church sighed.

"Not my fault." Grif said.

"Of course it was your fault." Simmons said.

"No, I'm not familiar with the spirit world." Grif said. "I accidentally appeared. It's very hard to control these weird ghost powers."

"Guys, shut up." Church said looking down the path exiting the cave.

"Why don't you try to-" Grif was interrupted by Church.

"Shut the fuck up, guys!" Church shouted. "Hurry, disappear." They all three faded away again as Sarge/Montross ran back in.

"I swore I heard-gertreyurkker!"

## 6. Chapter 6

Red vs Blue:War is Hell

**\*\*Chapter 6\*\***

"Where are we?" Grif asked Simmons and Church. They were in a large place. Lots of ramps and halls and things sticking out of the ground and walls. Looked very similar to Caboose's mind when Church and Tex had went inside him.

"We're in the Sergeant." Church said.

"Neat." Simmons said looking around.

"Okay, we need to find Montross." Church said.

"Hi." Caboose walked over to the three.

"Caboose?" Grif asked. "What's he doing in here?"

"Hi." Caboose said again.

"This is Sarge's mental image of Caboose." Church said.

"Hi." Caboose said again then ran off screaming.

"Okaaay." Simmons watched him run.

"Simmons!" Sarge came up to them. "What the fuck are you doing?"

"Sarge?" Simmons and Grif asked at the same time.

"Mental image again, guys." Church said.

"That's Sarge's mental image of himself?" Grif asked. "Not much different."

"Shut the fuck up, Grif!" Sarge shouted. "Simmons, kill Grif!"

"Yes Master!" another Simmons ran up and aimed his machine gun at Grif.

"That is his mental image of me?" Simmons asked.

"Master, he looks just like me." the mental image Simmons pointed to the real Simmons then he kissed Sarge's ass.

"Nice ass kissing, son." Sarge nodded.

"Thank you, Master." Simmons nodded. "I'm going to go finish building the shrine of you, now, okay?"

"Go on." Sarge said.

"Thank you, Master." Simmons nodded and ran off. Then another Grif ran up.

"Shit." the real Grif muttered.

"Kill me! Kill me! I'm a dumb ass! I deserve to die!" the mental image of Grif began yelling. "I'm so fucking stupid! God hates me!"

"That's his mental image of me?" Grif asked.

"Yeah." Church nodded. "Now, we have to get on with this."

"With what?" Sarge asked.

"Sir, permission to go suck my own dick?" the mental image Grif asked Sarge.

"Permission granted." Sarge nodded and the Grif mental image ran off. "Anyway, what stuff must you get on with?"

"We need to find this guy called Montross." Church said.

"I've never heard of him but maybe those blues know."

\* \* \*

>"This fucking sucks." Tucker sighed. "What the hell are we supposed to do until Church and the reds kill Montross?" <p>"I don't know." Tex shrugged.<p>

"Hey, I've been wondering something." Caboose said. "Have you ever seen Church without his armor?"

"Uh, yeah." Tex said. "We went out, dumb ass."

"I see." Caboose nodded. "Have you seen him with a dress on?"

"Yes." Tex answered.

"Seriously?" Tucker chuckled. "When?"

"Once we went to this bar in Amsterdam. He go drunk and ran off, okay?" Tex continued. "So he went to this shop and-"

\* \* \*

>"Blues!" Sarge shouted. All four of them were standing in this empty room with four doors in it. Church, Caboose, Tucker, and Tex each came out of their own door. <p>"Holy crap, it's me and the guys." Church said.<p>

"Heeey." the Church image groaned. "Somebody kill me. I'm sofreakin' miserable, all I do is die. I get blown up by a tank. By a bomb. Shot in the stomach and the head."

"Hi." Caboose smiled from behind his helmet.

"Dammit, I'm stupid." the Tucker image said. "I blew up the present. Dammit, I'm stupid. Fuck."

"Anyone wanna have sex with the black armored bitch who blows everyone to hell?" the Tex image asked.

"I'll handle this." Grif said.

"No!" Simmons yelled.

"Does anyone know someone called Mackenzie?" he yelled to the blues.

"Not Mackenzie, dumb ass." Simmons insulted the orange armored moron. "It's Montross. How the hell did you get the two mixed up?"

"I don't know." Grif shrugged. "They are very similar to names."

"No they're not." Simmons shook his head. "They're nothing alike besides the fact they both start with an M."

"No, we don't know any Mackenzie." the Tucker image shook his head.

"But a Montross stopped by." the Tex image said.

"Hey, sir?" the Grif image walked up to Sarge. "I was wondering in what direction I should suck my cock."

"Um, what ways are there?" Sarge asked.

"Well, up and down." the Grif image nodded. Suddenly, a sniper shot went through the mental image of Grif's head and he fell dead on the ground.

"Son of a bitch!" the real Grif yelled.

"Who are you?" Sarge asked Grif.

"Shit." Grif stomped his foot on the ground.

Church looked up and saw a white armored man on a balcony with a sniper rifle. "Montross!"

"You'll never catch me!" Montross shouted and jumped down off the balcony. He ran for one of the doors but it was locked as were the other three. Church, Simmons, Grif, and Sarge all four surrounded Montross. "Oh poo." Montross groaned. "I guess you caught me."

"It's over, Montross." Church said pointing his machine gun at Montross's face. "Give up."

"It's not over, Leonard Church." Montross smiled behind his white helmet.

"Leonard?" Simmons turned to Church.

"Oh shut up." Grif said. "Your name is Dick, dick."

"Good bye, my friends." Montross giggled.

"I don't think so." Church said. "Open fire." Church, Simmons, Grif, and the mental image Sarge all four opened fire on Montross. All the bullets, sparks, and smoke clouded everything and they couldn't see anything. Once the smoke cleared, Montross was gone.

"Oh shit." Grif groaned. "Where'd he go?"

"He couldn't have gone anywhere." Simmons said.

"Yeah." Church nodded. "All radios in the canyon are shut off."

\* \* \*

>"And I'll also take a large diet coke. Ooh, and a small fry. Could you repeat all that to me?" Donut said into his radio.<p><p>

The person on the other line replied, "Yeah, okay, one double-cheese burger, a happy meal with two toys, a large diet coke, and a small fry."

"Yeah okay." Donut nodded. "Have it brought to Blood Gulch."

"Where is that?"

"You don't know where that is?" Donut asked. "Well, I don't either. Seriously, where the hell am I? You know what, just forget it all."

"Okay."

"Right. Bye." Donut said then took a deep breath of happiness. "Damn, I love my active, powering radio. Which is turned on by the way."

## 7. Chapter 7

Red vs Blue:War is Hell

**\*\*Chapter 7\*\***

"Kertruteryuk!" Sarge shouted as the three ghosts exited his body. "Huh? What happened?" he asked. "Why am I in a cave? Oh yeah. Montross."

"Sarge!" Simmons shouted.

"Simmons?" Sarge asked looking at his see-through body. "You're a ghost?"

"I'm dead, Sarge." Simmons said. "Church and Grif too."

"Church and Grif too?" Sarge asked. "Wait a sec. Who's Grif?"

"I'm Grif." Grif said.

"No recall." Sarge shook his head.

"Crap." Grif groaned.

"What's wrong with the noob?" Sarge asked Simmons.

"We don't have time for this." Church said. "Sarge, quickly shut off your radio."

"Okay." Sarge nodded and shut it off.

"Who has their radio on?" Church asked himself.

"No one." Grif said.

"Everyone at your base." Simmons said. "Everyone at our-"

They all looked at each other then down the cave where they could see the red base out of the entrance to the cave. They could see Donut





"Montross, just give up." Church said. "That's the last body for you in Blood Gulch."

"True, true." Montross nodded.

"Yeah, where could you go for more bodies?" Grif asked. "Well, Earth. But, there's not way out of this box canyon."

"Seriously, who is this guy?" Sarge asked Simmons referring to Grif.

"No one left in Blood Gulch." Montross said again. "Then I'll have to leave Blood Gulch!" Montross then hit Sarge in the face with his pistol and ran off into the cave.

\* \* \*

>"I wish they would hurry up." Tucker said. "I feel like I'm waiting for my death." <p>Suddenly, the ghost Church appeared. "Guys, I need you to come to red base."<p>

\* \* \*

>Tucker, Tex, Church, Caboose, Sarge, Grif, and Simmons were all on top of the red base and of course Church, Grif, and Simmons were ghosts. <p>"Okay, Sarge, you need to create three robot bodies for us three." Church said.<p>

"No problem." Sarge nodded. "It won't take long." He then ran inside the base.

"Now listen guys." Church said. "Montross is trying to figure out how to leave Blood Gulch. Now, I figure he'll trick Donut into calling Red Command."

"You just need to get inside Donut and kill him first." Tex said.

"Exactly." Church nodded.

"Now, does everyone have their radios off?" Simmons asked.

"Yes." everyone else answered, including Sarge inside the base.

"You sure?" Simmons asked again.

"Yes." everyone answered again.

"Sure?"

"Yes."

"Are you absoloutely positively sure?"

"Yes!"

"Okay, you don't have to yell." Simmons sighed.

"So where is he?" Tucker asked.

"He ran off into the caves again." Grif replied.

\* \* \*

>"How could I leave Blood Gulch?" Montross asked himself. "How could I leave Blood Gulch?" <p>"You could fly."<p>

"Who said that?" Montross asked looking around.

"Me." Donut said. "The guy who's body you stole."

"Oh, yes." Montross nodded calming down. "I forget that I steal bodies sometimes."

"So, am I the third body?" Donut asked.

"Yeah." Montross replied. "First was Colorado. Then Sarge and now you."

"I'm honored to be your third." Donut nodded.

"Right." Montross said freaked out. "I can't believe I'm wearing pink armor. Goodness."

"It's not pink." Donut said. "It's lightish red. But isn't it comfortable against your thighs?"

"Oh yes." Montross smiled looking at his armor. "Very comfortable. I'd just like a new color. Like the color of death! Ha ha ha!"

"That would be red." Donut said.

"Red?" Montross asked. "Dang it! I've already had red! Darn!"

"Hey, do you know what the term, jerk off, means?" Donut asked the evil AI.

\* \* \*

>"Okay, so Tucker and I will corner him and then you three go inside of him." Tex said. <p>"I have one robot body done!" Sarge shouted from inside the base.<p>

"Great!" Church shouted back. "Okay, Grif, Simmons, you ready?"

"Crap." Grif moaned. "Do we have to?"

"Yes." Church nodded. "Unless you want a madman running around killing everyone."

"What do you care?" Grif asked. "You're already dead."

"Well, um, I, uh." Church began thinking to himself. "You know something? I don't know why I care."

"Maybe to save the rest of us?" Tex suggested.

"Sure, let's go with that." Church nodded. "Anyway, guys, let's

go!"

"I don't wanna." Grif groaned.

"Come on, you big baby." Simmons said. "Don't you want to save the ones you love?"

"The ones I love are already dead." Grif said. "Me."

"Fine." Simmons said.

"Yeah." Church nodded. "Come on, Simmons." Church and Simmons ran off towards the cave.

\* \* \*

>"No." Donut shook his head. <p>"Come on." Montross encouraged him. "Just make a little call to Red Command and have them bring in a Pelican to pick you up but actually, they'll be picking me up. Heh heh."<p>

"Nah." Donut shrugged.

"Hmm." Montross started thinking. "Oh I know! Truth or dare?"

"Truth!" Donut shouted with joy.

"Okay, what do I have to do for you to call Red Command and make them pick us up?"

"You'll have to dare me." Donut said. "Okay, my turn. Truth or dare?"

"Dare."

"Okay, I dare you to leave my body."

"I'll take a chicken."

"Crap." Donut said. "But you only get one."

"Truth or dare, Donut."

"Dare."

"I dare you to call Red Command and have them pick me up." Montross smiled evilly.

"Well, I hate to use my chicken, so okay."

\* \* \*

>Church and Simmons appeared inside the cave and saw Donut but he was talking to someone but it wasn't Montross. <p>"Who's he talking to?" Simmons whispered.<p>

"Yeah, I want a plane sent to Blood Gulch." Donut said. "No, I-yeah. Okay. Not for me. Well, yeah for me. My Sergeant? He's exporting me. No, I'm not a need or service. I just need-no. No. No. Yes. Just get

me a fucking plane!" Donut screamed and hung up. "Damn, Red Command is so stupid."

"Oh crap, Church." Simmons groaned.

"Yeah, he's already called for a Pelican." Church said. "Come on, let's go!" Church and Simmons charged towards Donut but he moved out of the way.

"What is it?" Montross asked.

"Hm. I thought I saw a mysterious being headed towards me." Donut said nervously as he looked around the cave.

"Must be more of ourghost friends." Montross grunted.

"G-G-Ghosts?" Donut asked.

"Oh shut up, fool." Montross ordered the pink private.

"Crud." Church whispered. "Donut's gonna keep dodging us."

"I can get him." Simmons said and charged towards Donut but Donut jumped and Simmons went through a cave wall.

"Curses!" Montross shouted seeing Church. "We must flee!" he shouted again and ran out of the cave right as Simmons reappeared.

"Dammit." Church cursed. "He got away."

"Hey, do you hear something?" Simmons asked.

\* \* \*

>"What's that noise?" Tucker asked. Tex, Caboose, Sarge, and the three robot bodies all began looking around to see what the noise was. <p>"I don't know." Tex said still looking around then she was speechless to see a Pelican heading towards them then landing in the center of Blood Gulch.<p>

"Holy crap." Tucker groaned.

"I'll be a monkey's uncle." Sarge said. "He actually called them."

"We have to stop them! Come on!" Tex yelled and all four of them jumped off the bunker and ran towards the plane. The robots stayed at the base.

\* \* \*

>"There it is, Montross!" Donut yelled running toward the plane. <p>"Ha ha ha!" Montross laughed. "I shall rule the universe!"<p>

\* \* \*

>"Come on, Simmons!" Church and Simmons began running toward the Pelican. <p>"Hurry Church!" Simmons yelled as they ran towards it.<p>

\* \* \*

>The pilot of the Pelican exited it and lit a cigarette then leaned up against it and sighed. He then saw three blues and red head towards him. He looked at them oddly then saw a pink guy running towards him. He looked oddly at him too then finally saw two ghosts running towards him. <p>"I see why that guy wanted out of here." the pilot said taking a puff of his cigarette. All of the men running towards him finally reached him. "Okay, who sent for me 'cause I gotta be outta here soon."<p>

"Um, it was me." Simmons said.

"No, it was me." Montross growled.

"Me!" Sarge yelled.

"Me!" Tex yelled.

"It was not me!" Caboose yelled. They all looked at him then went back to yelling.

'This is my chance to get out of here.' Tucker thought. "I am Private Donut. I called for you."

"Yes, it was Private Donut who called for the plane." the pilot nodded.

"But, I'm Private Donut." Donut moaned.

"Um, no you're not." Tucker said.

"Good plan, Tucker." Caboose said. They all looked at him again. "Making him think you are the Donut."

"Um, heh heh, Caboose." Tucker said. "I am Donut."

"Nooo. You are Tucker." Caboose said.

"No, Caboose, you fucking moron, I am Donut." Tucker snapped.

"No, the pink guy is-" Caboose was interrupted by Sarge and Tex tackling him shutting him up.

"Okay, okay." the pilot calmed everyone. "Who is Donut?"

"Me!" everyone yelled.

"Dammit!" Montross shouted. "I am-oh my God. I cursed." Montross then began crying. "I'm sorry, Lord."

"This coming from the guy who's trying to dominate the universe." Church whispered to Tex.

"Is this guy Donut?" the pilot asked referring to Donut.

"Shit." Sarge growled. "Somebody kill Donut!"

"What?" Donut turned to them.

"Okay." Tex shrugged and shot Donut in the face with her pistol. Donut fell down but then got back up. "Huh?"

"He's alive?" Church asked.

"Yeah, and when I get shot in the face, I die." Simmons rolled his eyes.

"I don't know why I survived." Donut said.

"It's possible that I shot him while Montross was changing bodies so the bullet, and death, was interrupted." Tex said. Everyone stared at her clueless. "For God's sakes. Donut's mind evaded the bullet because Montross switched bodies." she sighed.

"Well, fuck." Church groaned. "Where the hell is he now? He can't get a fucking break."

"Ha ha ha." the pilot began laughing. "I am Mon-" Montross was interrupted by a sniper rifle shot blasting through the side of his head with his blood splattering everywhere. Everyone stared oddly at the pilot's dead body. They looked to the side and saw an orange armored figure with a sniper rifle on the ridge of the canyon.

"Son of a bitch, yes!" Grif cheered. "I got that bastard." Grif jumped off the ridge and ran up to the others.

"Holy shit, Grif." Simmons grinned. "He killed him."

"Did he technically kill Montross?" Tucker asked.

"Yes." Donut nodded. "As soon as Montross left me, I switched off my radio."

"Good job, Donut." Sarge nodded. "And you too, orange guy."

"Yeah, Grif." Church nodded. "How did you do it?"

"Well," Grif said, "After I left the base, I went into the cave and spied on Montross. I learned that Donut had called Red Command. So, I saw that everyone had left our bases so I grabbed my robot body and a sniper rifle. I was actually going to shoot Donut but the dumb ass pilot muttered something about being Montross so conveniently, he stepped in front of my bullet and I killed him."

"Nice going." Church nodded.

"Son, I don't know who you are, but you could be the next ass kisser in my army." Sarge put his hand on Grif's shoulder.

"Really sir?" Grif asked.

"Yes." Sarge nodded.

"Well, I'd love to, Sarge, but, well, I'm leaving." Grif sighed.

"Leaving?" Simmons asked.

"What do you mean?" Tucker asked.

"I'm taking the Pelican and I'm going home."

"Why?" Tex asked.

"I'm ready to quit the war, so everyone, good bye." Grif took a deep breath and was about to step onto the Pelican but Tex stopped him.

"Wait, Grif." Tex said. "Before you go, I want to show everyone something."

"What is it?" Tucker asked.

"Step close, everyone." Tex said holding a bright sphere object in her hand. Suddenly, it exploded in a flash of light.

## 8. Chapter 8

Red vs Blue:War is Hell

**\*\*Chapter 8\*\***

"Ugh." Tucker groaned waking up. He saw that Tex and the Pelican were gone. Simmons and Church both had their robot bodies and the others were just now waking up.

"What happened?" Grif asked.

"That bitch." Church said. "She stole the Pelican and used the flash grenade to render us all unconcious."

"Even you and Simmons?" Sarge asked.

"No, it blinded us though." Simmons said. "Once we regained sight, she and the plane were gone. So we went and got our bodies."

"Fuck." Grif groaned. "Now I'll never get out of here."

"Well, what's the plan?" Sarge asked.

"Well, I suppose we could return to our bases and kill eachother some more." Tucker shrugged.

"Sounds good." Donut smiled.

"Alrighty then." Church nodded. "Everyone, back to the bases."

"Wait a minute." Sarge said. "Let us get the Warthog."

Simmons and Grif looked at eachother nervously then. Sarge led them two and Donut towards the Blue Base. Once they arrived, Sarge turned to them. "Heh heh. Something wrong, Sarge? Heh heh." Simmons asked nervously.

"Yeah, where's the Warthog?" Sarge asked then saw it flipped over next to the canyon. The four reds ran over to it and Sarge got extremely angry.



"Who did this?" Sarge asked. "It's completely destroyed." He turned to Grif and his eyes widened. Suddenly, it all came back to him. Grif. He hated Grif. Grif destroyed the Warthog. Grif had some of Simmons's body parts. Grif. Grif. "Grif!" Sarge shouted with anger.

"Yes sir?" Grif asked stepping back.

"You moron!" Sarge yelled.

"But sir, I didn't do this." Grif said.

"Actually, Grif, when Tex shot you, your body fell into the Warthog activating the controls sending it into the canyon wall." Simmons said.

"Shut up, Simmons." Grif punched Simmons in the arm.

"Grif." Sarge growled looking at the private. "Hold still." He then pulled out a rocket launcher and pointed it at Grif.

"Holy shit, where'd he get that?" Donut asked.

\* \* \*

>The three blues were back at their base. "Well, I'm glad that's over." Church said.<p><p>

"Yes." Tucker nodded. "It went a lot smoother than O'Malley, grannit more people got killed this time around."

"Look." Caboose pointed to Grif being chased in the distance with Sarge shooting rockets at him and Grif screaming. "That is funny."

"Yeah it is." Church nodded. All three blues began to laugh at the orange private's misery.

\* \* \*

>Tex flew the Pelican over the planet. She was currently flying over a body of water.<p><p>

"Heh heh." a human with trashy clothes smiled in the cargo bay. He was ducking in front of a Warthog. "Good thing there was a stow away in this pelican. Ha ha."

Tex smiled at a small screen showing Montross in the body of a stow away in the cargo bay. "Good bye, Montross."

"And he luckily had a radio headset on during the time." Montross nodded. Suddenly, the ramp opened and Montross had to grab onto the front of the Warthog to keep from blowing out. "W-What's happening?" he asked himself. "Lucky for me those claw things are keeping the jeep attached."

Suddenly, the claws let go and the jeep slowly began sliding out and Montross was in the way. He screamed as he and the jeep fell out of the jeep and hurdled toward the ocean. Tex smiled and pressed a button on the controls as three large bombs dropped headed toward Montross and the jeep.

Both Montross and the jeep hit the water and a few moments later, Montross came back to the surface. "That wasn't so bad." he smiled but the three bombs hit him directly as a huge mushroom cloud vaporized him.

Tex smiled at the mushroom cloud in a rear view mirror and said, "War really is hell."

The End

End  
file.